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## Graduation.

LIFE'S gay morning with its pleasures,  
With its merry student bowers,  
Passed in search of priceless treasures,  
Gone those fleeting, golden hours.

Life's first lesson ends this morning,  
Onward, upward moves life's sun;  
May with heaven's light adorning  
End the day so well begun.

LEO FAUROT, '09.



## Baccalaureate Address.

By REV. JOSEPH F. BYRNE, Indianapolis, Ind.

*Rt. Rev. Bishop, Rev. Fathers, Graduates of '08, and Friends:*

AN old professor of my college days used often to exclaim, "this is a curious old world," and indeed it is. The impression you get of it depends upon the viewpoint and the glasses you wear. To the cynic and sceptic the view is often very depressing and dark, the times most often out of joint. It is always sad to see an old man who has tasted of life's bitterness and disappointments, without being chastened thereby—who has sat at the banquet of life without appreciating or enjoying a single one of the delights God has spread out for him—going gloomily down to the grave abusing the morals and men of his day.

To the pure-hearted and noble-minded youth the world is ever beautiful, for it is God's universe. They behold it overspread with the heavenly tints that clothed it at its prime, when God walked forth in visible form to enjoy the works of his own hands; "when the morning stars praised Him together, and all the sons of God made joyful melody."

The enlightened heart of the young and pure is drawn instinctively towards what is good and lovely not only in the society of men but throughout every other walk of creation. And this lightsomeness and freshness of heart dies not away with youth but lasts in the true man increased and intensified through manhood unto olden age. The springtime of the pure heart is eternal. The lamp of God which illuminates the soul's sanctuary never ceases to shed its golden splendors on the outside world—its light only grows more vivid as the day of eternity draws nigh. Oh, may that freshness of heart, that unfailing youth of soul be ever yours, through all the vicissitudes of age, health, fortune, enjoyment and suffering. May this interior peace, this deep contentment, this

disposition to see in man and in nature the bright side only save you from pessimism, censoriousness and faultfinding. Have always words of praise for your intimates and friends:

"Be to their virtues very kind,  
Be to their faults a little blind."

Carry this same rule into the outside world. Be prompt to see the good qualities of those with whom you have to associate; be slow to acknowledge their faults even to yourself. Be on the contrary both prompt and generous in praising the good you see in others. Do not believe that all men are prone to evil and upon mischief bent.

It has latterly become the cry of the demagogue, of the platform and the press to exclaim, "O tempora, O mores." We hear so much about dishonor and dishonesty among men, lack of faith and fidelity to God and to most sacred obligations; we hear about impeachments, about corporate greed and graft and political dishonesty, so much indeed that we become at times alarmed and confused.

The young and observant and receptive mind is constrained sometimes to believe that we have fallen upon evil times, and that honor is but an empty name.

The world has recorded centuries of history—the efforts and deeds and achievements of men. The philosophy of history teaches this truth, that the world has been good or evil as men were found faithful,—faithful to the duties they owe to God, to society and to self.

When men have made themselves independent of God they have invariably been a curse to society and have left a dark page of history. Such lives have been negative and meaningless, or if accompanied by talent and influence, they have been destructive and positively harmful to society.

The world has always had her teachers and her pupils in every epoch of history. From those ancient philosophers, who discoursed and debated the problems of life and the mystery of death—to the classic and poetic teachers who in the sheltering shades of the academic groves of old Greece and Rome descanted on the "Summum bonum"—down to the pagan pupil (who was almost a Christian) who asked the



truest teacher who had ever walked the earth: "Quid est veritas?"—mark the answer: "Ego sum veritas;" the echo of that answer finds a responsive chord in your souls.

The world's unrest today is the want of truth—the truth which would make it free—the truth which would give it the more abundant life and would point the way to permanent and true success. The powers of darkness and of light, the forces of vice and of virtue are contending today as they have always for the mastery in the world; but your call is to virtue; you belong to the propaganda of truth. You are to be God's organ in the world, you are to voice and sustain the note of truth; you are to be teachers to those "who sit in darkness;" who know your ancestral faith only through the misrepresentations they have heard of it; who perhaps know God only through the distorting haze of a bad education and a false philosophy.

It shall be your mission, as educated Catholic young men, to teach and to lead others. Whether you shall find your place in the sanctuary wearing the livery of captains consecrated to His great cause, or in the noble profession of law or medicine, or whether you shall take your stand in the busy market place of the mercantile world, remember you are to be teachers and leaders. This is so true, that henceforward wherever you go and are known as a child of the Great Mother, brought up in one of her privileged schools, your life will be taken as a sample of her godliness; your words will be repeated as the echo of her doctrines; and your person, your manners, your very bearing in public and private, will be pointed out as the result of Catholic culture;—yes, you are so truly a teacher that your whole life will be watched, scrutinized, recorded and commented on, as a living lesson of Catholic enlightenment and morality. You need only to be true to the divine light and keep honorable company with your conscience in order to appear before others, in all the relations of life, as God and man would have you.

In the life work appointed each of you to do as Catholic American young men, you hold the vantage point in time and

place. In the long and tedious yet ever enticing classic studies over which you have poured through years you have in fancy mingled with many men of many minds and of many climes. You have fought the Gallic wars; you have been with conquerors and with conquered; you have crossed the Rubicon. "Jacta est alea"—the die is cast.

The classic age for you has passed; the delightful college days are o'er. As Cicero says: "These studies do but tend to foster our youth and solace our age; they delight us at home and do not embarrass us in hours of business; they are with us in the vigils of the night; they accompany us in foreign lands; they are our companions in the retirement of rural scenes."

"Man am I grown, a man's work must I do."

You have been told amid these quiet shades of your beloved Alma Mater that you will have hard and noble work to do and a long battle to fight. Your educators, for whom you should ever treasure a loving and grateful memory, have only trained you in the virtuous path and to use the workman's tools—to bear your armor and weapons well. On entering upon your chosen professional sphere you each must prove—

"An active doer, noble liver,  
Strong to labor, sure to conquer."

Life is one grand, glorious, golden opportunity from youth to olden age—this is pronouncedly true in the life of the educated Catholic young man. The measure of such a life is the measure of energy and personal sacrifice which is crowded into it; the horizon of such a life reaches into the eternal realms. Who shall gauge its possibilities but God!

Of a man who died in the last century at the age of thirty-eight, it was said by a contemporary, that the ten commandments were stamped upon his countenance. "The valuable and peculiar light," adds another of his countrymen, "in which his history is calculated to inspire every right-minded youth, is this: he died possessed of greater public influence than any other man; admired, beloved, trusted and deplored by all, except the heartless and the base. Now



let every young man ask how this was attained. By rank? He was the son of a small merchant. By wealth? Neither he nor any of his relatives ever had a superfluous piece of money. By talents? His were not splendid, and he had no genius. Cautious and slow, his only ambition was to be right. By what then was it? Merely by sense, industry, good principles and a good heart; qualities which no well constituted mind need ever despair of attaining. It was the force of his character that raised him; and this character not impressed upon him by nature, but formed out of no peculiarly fine elements by himself." "He was possessed of that inbred loyalty to virtue, which can serve her without a livery."

"In your life there is nothing that cannot be endured, save dishonor," said the great St. Martin in the fourth century.

Carry yourselves, young gentlemen, always with honor, for honor is the bright crown of all manly character.

"My dear, dear Lord,  
The purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is — spotless reputation; — that away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.  
A jewel in a ten times barred up chest  
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.  
Mine honor is my life: both grow in one;  
Take honor from me and my life is done."

The best time in which to live and to act is the present time; — this for you will be the classic golden age of opportunity. The invitation has been extended; — the world needs you that you may work for its betterment. "Noblesse oblige," rank imposes obligation. The world rightly expects much of you; pray, do not disappoint it hopes. There are as splendid deeds to be done, as noble prizes to be won to-day, as ever graced the zeal or chivalrous valor of a Godfrey, a Tancred or a Louis of France. Then throw your selves right generously into the times and work before you, and like Sir Galahad, "may the strength of each be as the strength of ten, because your hearts are pure."

## “The Light That Failed.”

(Prize Essay.)

MY first recollections of Rudyard Kipling are wafted back to me through years of time, and yet they are as fresh on my mind as if they had but come to-day.

He was then dangerously ill in Chicago, to which place he had come while on a visit to this country. I was but a little child, but I remember that the papers of the day devoted columns to telling of this man—his life and his life work. Many pictures of him appeared, and as I recall one that I then looked at in childish wonder, I almost feel myself looking again at those strikingly individual features.

If the faculty of becoming ill and then recovering again were in the hands of men we would say that this was a politic stroke on the part of Kipling, for it caused an immense sale of his books in this country. Every one had read some of his stories and poems. No one who pretended to any literary knowledge of the times had not read “The Light That Failed.”

Criticism of this book has long ago died down, but one can never say too much of a good thing, for this book, unlike the ephemeral works of some of our other authors of to-day, has endured, and I will venture to say, will endure as the standard English novel of the 19th century.

There is no book now printed which is so strong a reflection of English ways and English manners of speaking. To-day we have the spirit of simplicity and democracy in style, and works replete with high sounding, ornamental Latin words are steadily growing less. There is nothing so creditable to authors, to Stevenson—our own American Stevenson—and to Kipling as the use of these strong, plain, idiomatic, Anglo Saxon words. Just one short sentence for illustra-



tion: "What do you think of a *big, red, dead* city built of *red sandstone* with *raw green aloes* growing between the stones, lying out neglected on *honey-colored sands*." Fine, isn't it?

Kipling wrote much more like this in "The Light That Failed." He knew that our realm of thinking to-day is story-book knowledge, and when we come to thought and life, which things Literature deals with, we must come to the pure words of the mother tongue, smelling of their origin and the very soil in which they were born. This is one of the reasons why he excels.

No one who reads "The Light That Failed" can find a great deal of matter for thought in the way life is portrayed in this individual, typical style. Of course, this "one" refers to men and women, for Kipling rarely wrote for children. I remember that it was years ago—I think, the time Kipling was in this country—that I took up the book and soon laid it aside in boyish disgust. I afterwards, till only lately, thought of Kipling in a hazy, half pitying manner, as a man that somehow had life a little bit mixed. To all those to whom I have so aired my views I make a profound apology and beg to reverse the decision; for indeed this book, which is almost entirely in a conversational tone, gives us real live matter to think of.

This novel is very much of a woman question but not in the sense we would say when speaking of other novels. Maisie is the heroine and the problem. Indeed a most problematical problem to Dick! From the time she had come to the motherly care of Mrs. Jennet and there met Dick Helder, who also was consigned to the loving solicitude of the afore-said, law-appointed guardian, to the time that she is called upon to sacrifice herself, if not for love, at least for friendship, we have an enigma. At first we are very much in sympathy with her and almost love that decisive chin and mouth. Then as we go on and find that chin and mouth so expressive of any thing but love, our feelings undergo a change. None of us likes a woman that will follow the mistaken idea of some of our women of to-day, throw away all the happiness of love and a home for art, for art's sake alone. Each



Sunday as we go with Dick to the studio where she stays with the "red-haired girl" we get to like her less. And when she comes at the call of Torpenhow — comes to poor blind Dick from Kami and Vitry-sua-Marne—she is "weighed in the balance and found wanting." Poor woman!

Dick hates the "red-haired girl." She loves him. He does not know it. She is miserable. This is her part of the story. She ends with that letter to Dick: "I could have given you love, I could have given you loyalty such as you never dreamed of. Do you suppose I cared what you were! But you chose to whistle every thing down the wind for nothing. My only excuse for you is that you are so young."

Bessie! Suffice it to say that this third one of Kipling's females is a young lady of questionable character. When she sits as a subject for Dick's 'Melancholia' she first looks upon him as a nonentity, then she dislikes him, and later she hates him, because he took Torpenhow away from her. Then when Dick has finished his masterpiece she destroys it "with turps and the knife." She goes out of his life for a while now, not knowing that he has been stricken blind and Torpenhow reenters it, — Torpenhow "who looked at Dick with his eyes full of the austere love that springs up between men who have tugged at the same oar together and are yoked by custom and use and the intimacies of toil."

At this point comes the time when Torpenhow and the Niglai and Cassavetti and the others meet—that night when Dick is not feeling well enough "to come out and romp." And then they all leave for the Balkans and Dick remains behind, blindly entrusting himself to the relieving (as far as valuables were concerned) care of Mr. Beeton.

Maisie comes and goes!

Once more Bessie comes into Dick's life with a great temptation. He had saved Torpenhow, and now, is he man enough to save himself? It is hard, very hard for this blind man to fight the tempter, but at last he sends Bess away and the morning he leaves he sees the last of her as he gives her the hundred pounds. In a few short weeks Dick has joined the many who have already lived their life.

Kipling wrote "The Light That Failed" when he saw that of all he had experienced in the Soudan and of all he knew of English life he could make a novel of no mean character. Indeed, many critics, with whose opinion I heartily concur, without hesitation declare it to be the foremost novel of the nineteenth century. This novel is one that makes you feel that the author knows more than he expresses; that behind those sharp and clear cut words lies a vast amount of hidden meaning and possibility. This novel is filled with a conversation—not of the stuffy ball-room kind—that flows along as easily and quietly as the most placid brook, and now and then as it comes to a critical turn we are carried along on the colloquial waves, without a tremor of patience or anxiety, just as this brook when it reaches the narrows or an obstrusive rock flows in easy though faster continuance, till further on it again resumes its former placidity.

We are delighted throughout with the thoroughly original types of mankind this master-man of the English tongue presents to our gaze; they are indeed original in the imaginative mind of man, and yet such men as Dick and Torpenhow and Binat, and such women as Maisie and Bessie and the "red-haired girl" do actually exist and are most startlingly life-like and true to life. They are not in the least unlike characters we would some time expect to meet.

There is one objection to which adverse critics of Kipling give much attention. It is the same that a student friend voiced to me some time ago; "That Kipling in this book is given to coarseness in some of his passages; that his ideas are also coarse; that he speaks too much in the language of the battlefield and in the rough and ready manner of the English trooper, at best only a specimen of humanity with an elongated question mark behind." Quite a severe criticism you would say? Yet, what seems this outward appearing, what they are pleased to call coarseness, is only the effect of his true English outspokenness and reflection of true life. For, indeed, can we write of what is life in a befitting manner without sometimes using its blunt and ready expressions? This, to say the least, would not fulfill the



true purpose of the novel, and it would be best for these æsthetic critics with drawing-room sensibilities to let the "mote" go by with a smile of forgiveness, and—if we may speak so—look to the "beam" of excellence which lies in the very name of the book.

The author was most happy in the choice of a name. It is double in its meaning and so much the more expressive when one begins to understand. We would have enjoyed the story just as much if he had called it "How Maisie Failed," or "What Dick Lost," or some other trite title, but the name "The Light That Failed" embraces both the above. What every one will see in reading this book is that it derived its name from Dick losing his eyesight in consequence of that slash he received on the forehead while working for the "Syndicate;" but it will take a closer perception to see that Maisie was truly 'the light that failed'—that she did not respond to the almost God-given call to leave her art, which she thought she loved, and go with all the love of a true woman to Dick and duty. To poor blind Dick!

We could sing a most extended pæan of praise to Kipling, as we see him in "The Light That Failed" and quote sentences and passages which in themselves would be as perfect specimens of their kind as this book is a specimen of what the English novel of to-day should be. Yet as we laid down the book with a feeling as if "we wanted more," so I will close this short eulogy with the hope that ye fortunate readers will also crave for "more." If such should happily chance to be the case, I could recommend no more satisfying a cure than the perusal of "The Light That Failed."

C. W. PFEFFER, '09.





## Two Bubbles.

A laughing boy at a window stood  
Blowing bubbles of filmy hue  
As he filled his gourd with soapy dew  
From a near-by basin of broken wood.

He blew a bubble so great and fair,  
That as it flashed in the noon-day sun,  
His smile, his shout and regret were one  
For it vanished sudden, in far, thin air.

A world-wise broker gazed at the crowd,  
As it surged in the pit with will unrest;  
Then he gave to men his great behest,  
And he dreamed of them before him bowed.

He blew a bubble, to "play the game,"  
And the pit? —They knew his mandates there.  
But the bubble burst and his "bull" turned "bear;"  
And his dream? It vanished, and wisdom came.

CHARLES PFEFFER, '09.



## To Ellen Douglas.

LET Grecian chisel shape its pallid race  
Of warriors grim or maidens young and fair,  
Or let Angelo, whose art so rare  
Dims 'neath the shade which ages trace  
Upon the crumbling form or haggard face,  
Give life to canvas, nay, call angels there,  
But from one lonely islet, free from care,  
To whom must homage do both Greece and Thrace,  
Sweet guardian Naiad of Loch Kathrine's shore,  
Arise, fair maid, and live forever more  
Within our hearts, as fresh as rose-buds kissed  
By sun-beams hovering 'mid the morning mist;  
Where Malcolm found thee as chaste and fair  
As the pale moon-beams hovering 'round his lair.

CHARLES LEARY, '10.

## The Triple Blessing.

“**I** SEE, at last, I see,” mused Stephen as he placed a small red volume into his pocket, leaned over the banister of the bridge, and scanned once more the beautiful reflection in the still waters of the lake.

There the white winding road and grassy slope merging into the verdure of the maple-covered hill, above which rose the beautiful “Fair View Hospital,” with its cream-colored masonry, brown trimmings and red-turreted roof. Above it hung a lovely blue firmament, decked with white, fluffy clouds that floated slowly in the gentle morning breeze.

He smiled as the note of the robin and lark, with a chorus of small songsters, broke in upon his reflections. The fragrant breath of the new born flowers filled the air; indeed, all nature seemed to join him in rejoicing on this beautiful morning of ‘Dominica in Albis.’

His heart leaped with a new and strange delight, and he saw new beauties in everything about him. With a heart hovering between joy and doubt he had left the city with its hard and noisy sidewalks and had strolled out along the velvety side-paths, out “unto the open sky,” where he might “list to Nature’s teachings.” Calm he was and thoughtful, but so rapidly did the thoughts come and go that only at intervals was he conscious of the trend of his reasoning. He had been singularly impressed with the beautiful scenery as he stepped upon the bridge some minutes ago. Somehow the picture seemed to hold a hidden significance, but his thoughts ever wandered from its solution to the admiration of its refreshing beauty.

At last he found himself watching a school of small perch as they darted playfully about a large, white snail-shell that floated slowly towards him. “Where reason’s lacking, instinct is also sometimes wrong,” he observed as

he lost sight of them passing under the bridge. "But sometimes, perhaps, a little instinct would be well where reason has been ill schooled," he added half aloud, as he caught a view of himself in the water. Surely he would soon be his old self again, for he no longer has that sickly look that had changed his countenance from that of a man of twenty-four to one of thirty.

"What wonderful changes a short three months can bring!" he reflected as he looked back upon the city. "Surely, beyond the usual change of seasons the world had not changed perceptibly?"

But for him, Stephen Dunbar, things *had* changed within the last three months, both as regards his physical constitution and his view-point of the world. His former life had been rather uneventful. Except for the death of his mother, which he can hardly recall, and afterwards that of his father, little had occurred to stir his feelings. One period, however, he remembers more distinctly than the rest, his sojourn at the house of his old music teacher, Professor Grey, for whom he has always had a high regard. The two children, Joe and Helen, had been the daily companions of his boyhood, and the latter had begun to enter somewhat upon his deeper affections, when the first great sorrow crossed his path, and he was off to college. Thus his regard for Helen had at last dwindled into a mere friendly interest; for, once immersed in the studies at the University, his interest in his friends waned with the deepening of his studies.

"How strange it all is! Like a dream!" he reflected with a scarcely audible sigh, as he directed his attention toward "Fair View," the subject of late interest to him. "How strange! how strange!" Three months ago beheld him strong and active, astounding his fellows with the depth and clearness of his reasoning. Three months ago saw him lead the Inter-state Contest with his tract "The Universal Soul." Three months saw him brought back to Lakeside and transferred to Fair View Hospital, unconscious and helpless, a wreck in the throes of meningitis.



He smiles this morning as he thinks of the wonder with which he studied a face that bent over him as he recovered consciousness one week later. Those large, soul-bespeaking eyes; the pale, saint-like face inclosed in a white habit. And that voice! Ah! could he ever forget that voice?

"Now God be praised, he's better now!" said Sister Valentine in a tone that sunk like balm into his soul. "Be calm, friend, Helen here will tell you all," she explained as a figure moved softly forward and clasped his icy hand, saying: "Do not be disturbed, you're better now, but you have been quite ill."

"Ill?" He shudders now as he recalls the sharp pain which that mental effort cost him. How gradually and with what caution were made known to him the particulars of his illness! How delighted he was with Sister Valentine's acquaintance! How he marveled at that eager attention with which she and Helen ministered day after day to his every want! How his old interest in Helen deepened, with his gradual recovery, into a love which he could no longer deny! What deep humility in her as she questioned her worthiness in being the object of his affections, and bade him think no more of it, lest when he should be well again he might find it to be an idle fancy!

To-day he understands why, one day, at what he meant as a complimentary remark, Helen stood aghast, Sister Valentine's eyes closed quickly, her frame shook with a slight tremor and her hand sought the little golden crucifix that hung on her bosom. "Whatever fallacy I attribute to angels of the spirit, those of the flesh are most real."

Had he not often baffled his opponents at the University on questions of a like nature? Had he not in time won a great number to his way of thinking? And yet before the simple, unpretending views of Sister Valentine his theories fell like chaff. Strange it was, that new light which began to dawn upon him and put his pride to shame.

When, upon leaving the charitable walls of Fair View, Sister Valentine presented him with a small, red volume, with a wish that it might interest him, he accepted it most

thankfully. The cover bore a title in golden letters, "Simple Truths." This, he assured her, was what he would henceforth strive to know, and when he had clasped her hand in warm thanksgiving and farewell and had heard her parting words, "May God bless you," he felt as if he were turning again to a cold and unsympathetic world.

But did he find the world altogether unsympathetic? No, not by any means. Even the little volume, of which he became a diligent peruser, was written by one in whose tone and manner he found a world of devotion and sympathy, sympathy for baffled minds, sympathy and rest for weary, misguided souls. Helen, too, had been a wonderful aid in helping him as best she could in his groping for the light. She had been more to him than any one he had ever known, returning his love, sympathising, counseling, praying, hoping, yet ever reminding him not to let their love be to him a motive of conversion.

He is clearly convinced this morning as he looks out upon the beauties about him, that he has followed the grace to that point from which the light of truth shines fully upon him. One moment only he hesitates as he looks back upon some of his old convictions, the truth of which at times seemed so real. But now, as he again turns to the lake, the significance of the scenery which had seemed hidden to him when he first arrived on the bridge, seems now to dawn upon him and to mingle with his reasoning. The green banks, the hill, Fair View, were reflected even more beautifully on the lake. But they are not the same; the latter although apparently more beautiful is but a shadow of the true, and is, furthermore, inverted. How near the false sometimes resembles the true! He no longer doubts the truth of his convictions, but says aloud as he places the small red volume into his pocket, and leans over the banister: "I see, at last, I see! Thrice blessed am I to-day; for who will ever doubt that love, faith, and health will prove to any man a triple blessing?"

A carriage is heard approaching from the direction of the city, and as he turns to look, he recognises a voice that



causes his heart to leap with delight. "See, I told you it is Stephen!" As the carriage approaches, the jolly, old professor squints his eyes to assure himself of the disputed identity.

"Stephen, sure enough! Taking a fair view, eh?" he said, extending his hand, as Joe reigns the horses. "How are you, my boy, by this time?" he continued, shaking Stephen's hand heartily.

"I shall tell you after I have shaken 'round," replied Stephen greeting Joe and Helen. "I am," he continued, taking the little volume from his pocket, "by the grace of God, His humble servant, and this little volume, a Christian in spirit, and am disposed to conform to the first rites of the Church at the earliest possible convenience."

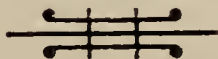
'Twas a supreme moment for Helen, and she could no longer restrain herself: "God be praised!" she cried, "Father, this is the Dominica in Albis!"

"As I live, God bless you, Stephen," said the old Professor, as he clasped his hand frankly. "Hop in behind there with Helen, we too are going to Fair View."

"Faith, love and health are quite a blessing," murmured Stephen as he seated himself in the carriage, "and the world seems so new and beautiful to me now."

"And so it does to me," she answered. "My, won't Sister Valentine be delighted?" she added, as the carriage rolled swiftly across the bridge.

LEO FAUROT, '09.





## Ode to Knowledge.

THOU star of hope in life's blue firmament,  
Thou ocean deep reflecting heaven's blue,  
O wonderous fire with heaven's graces sent  
To purge away the false, reveal the true:  
What deep-tongued melodies attend thy train,  
As fitfully through the gloom  
Thy beam drives slowly on!  
In thy unbottomed depths and misty main,  
From broken, sea-worn shells, what treasures loom  
Unknown; and shall remain, till earth has gone.

Unwearied at thy shrine thy suppliants kneel,  
Deep musing o'er the scroll of ancient lore,  
When lo! the time-worn characters reveal  
The shades and sunshine of some distant shore.  
Within his little cell, with worm-like pace,  
The patient author of the past  
Had chronicled the passing hour,  
And given as heirloom to a nobler race,  
A cherished line, the which to us at last  
Rings with a prophecy's divining power.

Lone sitting in the midnight's twinkling gaze  
The grave astronomer in silence pores  
Into what heights and depths, a perfect maze  
Of shining worlds, with mountains vales and shores.  
Yet in these depths, where eager eyes grow dim,  
Where now the swift imaginations pale,  
And weary, sleep and nod;  
The mere prelude, the shore, the outer rim,  
The fountain-heads of knowledge spring, and hail  
To spirit depths and heights, the realm of God.

LEO FAUROT, '09.

## Our Literary Tyrant.

(Second Prize Essay.)

THE present status of the literary world discloses some interesting facts, both as regards authors themselves and the prevalent tendencies that dominate them. With few masters of acknowledged power and distinct personality, and still fewer who have directed their genius in the right direction, the American Literature of the day—sadly deficient, as it is, in originality, sincerity and vigor—cannot be said to hold out a very bright prospect of rising to the level of the past, to say nothing of surpassing it. Chief among the causes of this retrograde movement lies the spirit of the times and the effects naturally resulting from them. Some call it extreme realism, others refer to it as morbid sentimentality, but the term which seems to cover and include them all is commercialism.

Commercialism has become the prevalent evil of our business-like age, and has invaded the realms of almost every department of human activity. But in no field has it produced such widespread harm and deterioration as in the domain of literature. The aims and principles which commercialism upholds and inculcates are diametrically opposed to the canons of literary composition; they spell death to all perfection and true art. Its sway is that of an unrelenting tyrant, blasting and destroying everything that refuses to bend to its caprice.

But what is commercialism in the sense in which it is applied to literature? In the first place, commercialism is not a concrete something; we would rather—and presumably more correctly—call it a state of mind in which the literature and literary public of the present day is deeply immersed, a condition of affairs which has been created by that irresistible desire for money. What formerly was judged according

to the principles of art and good taste is now measured by its power of drawing the shining bits of gold. Now the baneful effects of determining the value of any piece of art by the money standard must ultimately result in the destruction of all good taste and literary excellence, for it is fraught with evils and calamities to both authors and the public. It is a practice which sets a premium on the vulgar tastes and demands of the people and robs them of all sound appreciation; a practice which makes the author a tool in the hands of the people and deprives him of a conscience and a worthy aim.

If an author bases the choice of his theme and his treatment of it on the commercialistic standard, he has placed himself into meshes from which he cannot easily extricate himself. He is forced to choose a subject that will attract the gaze and plaudits of the common people, and hence one below his dignity as a respectable author and for that very reason one outside the realms of literature. The same principle which determines his choice of subject prescribes the manner in which it shall be treated. And here is the germ which breeds the decay of literature,—the substitution of the popular taste as a standard of appreciation for the better sense and higher ideals of the author. It is a condition of affairs to which he is bound to submit. As long as commercialism reigns supreme in the kingdom of literature, then he who chooses to be a subject of that kingdom must inevitably bow to its imperious commands. He can know no freedom; and where freedom of thought and action has ceased to dwell, little can be found in favor of a higher development of literature or art. Hence the author who labors under pressure of commercialism commits the twofold fault of lowering the standard of literature and fostering a pernicious demand, which will become all the more pronounced with continual indulgence.

The numerous novels that crowd our library shelves give eloquent proof of the detrimental effects literary commercialism has produced on authors and the public. Look at the catchy titles; see their attractive binding; what a



dashing and fascinating style. But what wholesome thoughts does the author express; what true, literary quality has the writer imparted to his work? Alas, a sorrowful deficiency in this respect, and why? Because it was the intention of the author to write the book exactly in such a manner. He wrote his book to sell, and to make it sell he had to tickle the fancies of the people and write his book just as they want it. This fact at once puts him outside the rank of literary artists and stigmatizes his work as commercialistic.

The generality of people *do* prefer light and commonplace literature, but this demand exists and continues to strengthen its hold on the multitudes because they know that the authors, led on by the commercial end of the situation, will condescend to satisfy their demands. The supposition proves to be a fact, and the outcome is the creation of a literature bereft of all vitality and actual worth, a literature which serves only to clog the mind, vitiate the taste and destroy all sane appreciation.

Many authors of respectable standing ascribe this condition of affairs to the 'magazine tyranny.' But what is that magazine tyranny? Nothing else but commercialism in its purest form. The magazine contributor must write in conformity with the principles and position of that respective paper, regardless of truth or personal conviction. His subject must be of vital interest; he must be novel in conception, racy and flashing in his style; and all this he must be to win an appeal and make the magazine *sell*. How, then, can he possibly infuse any literary qualities into his work, be his own motives ever so sincere? But why does he write for the magazine? That is a question which he, undoubtedly, has often asked himself. And the answer? — Because it is the only way he can get a hearing and maintain his vocation of authorship. Many authors who could do much towards producing a national literature of lasting value and true literary qualities, waste their talent and energy on the sentimental novel or serial story, because the commercialistic tendency of the age demands it. This fact alone is a more than sufficient reason why commercialism in its every aspect

should be discouraged and condemned, and every possible means employed to loosen its hold on the literary world.

The stronghold of commercialism is the cheap magazine and the newspaper. The influence wielded through these two instrumentalities cannot easily be overestimated, because for many they serve as the staple article of reading and the sole medium through which education and culture, in its broadest sense, is communicated to them. But this very power of the press has been turned to most illegitimate advantage; and far from serving the ends of true art and literature, as it should, the periodical press has done more than any other factor to vitiate the taste for solid literature and to direct mental activity into wrong channels. The magazine spirit and style has shackled the most promising authors, and even they have lost all taste for the truly literary. The fact is, indeed, a humiliating one, but the sovereignty of the periodical with its catch-word of commercialism has compelled the author to act in just such a manner. The magazine is king; the book its humble subject. The author writes; the journalist judges. The newspaper and journal command the masses, and with them the power. Hence, even if the author attempts to break away from their commercialistic grasp, he finds it impossible. The newspaper and the magazine is the self-constituted dictator in the literary world, and their sentence generally places the modern author in a position from which he is not liable so soon to move.

Here are two of our latest novels sent to one of our Magazines for a book-review. The one is a sane and breezy novel, possessed of some deep human interest and written with a conscience and an aim; the other a piece of fiction, high-strung, sentimental, and colored with the popular hue, teeming with insidious thoughts and misrepresentations. The editor glances at the two books and their respective authors, and his first conclusion is, not that the conscientious author has produced the *better work*, but that the sentimental novelist has produced the '*better seller*'; and with these preconceived ideas regarding the relative intrinsic worth of the two novels, he prepares a criticism of the one, but uses all possible skill



and suaveness in recommending the exceptional interest and charming style of the other. This may be a somewhat radical view of the situation, but it is, nevertheless, very close to the reality. It is exactly in such forms that the ambitious author has to fight against commercialism, and he should not be blamed too severely if he falls into its snares.

The pretentious criticisms of literary and dramatic art which appear in the daily papers and magazines often have no other '*raison d'être*' than a commercial one. Any book or drama can get its merits and thrilling interest proclaimed in most brilliant terms, if only the author of either shows himself liberal with his purse when Mr. Editor of the Newspaper Art-column puts in his appearance. Of course, there are numerous exceptions to this statement, but they are the exceptions and not the rule. As long as newspapers and magazines are to remain the reliable books of criticism and the authoritative dictators of the literary world, it cannot be otherwise. They have to look to their circulation; they have to maintain their adopted platform of advocacy or antagonism so as to preserve the established unities of their paper. Their office is to satisfy and please, and what does not please, they rudely brush aside. In a word, newspapers are but commercial speculations pure and simple; their contents, like those of the big show window, are determined and arranged so as to attract the greatest number of customers. They exert a powerful influence on the reading world, and this is the reason why the author has to bow to their dictates; the public will read their censure of his work but will not read the work itself. The journalistic critic has pronounced the fatal word, and forthwith the author is crowned with fame or doomed to literary exile.

The first step, therefore, towards breaking the influence of commercialism in literature is to demand a higher standard of sincerity from the journalist, and that especially when dealing with literary subjects. If he, with the masses as his audience, takes the lead in warning against the fatal results which commercialism is tending to produce, he will do much towards reinstating the true poet and author in his former



position of honor and authority. The taste of the reading public will ascend to higher planes; the reader will cease to be content with the superficiality which merely pleases and entertains, but will demand solid literary merits even in his magazine. The author's fear of the professional art critic will be dissipated, and working under the inspiration of true genius and high ideals, the literary aspirants of the present day will lay the foundations for what may prove to be another Golden Period of our Literature.

BERNARD J. CONDON, '08.



## To the Sunbeam.

O tiny ray! thou one of countless shafts of balmy light,  
That childlike play  
Among the scented nooks,  
Along the way.  
To thee, the oriole and its warbling friends,  
Peal forth their mellow notes in one harmonious strain,  
That sigh so softly through the trees,  
Like wavelets on ethereal seas.  
O blithesome elf! thou skip'st o'er perfumed leas,  
With fairy grace. The cowslips greet thee at thy sight,  
And silver ripples sound the melodies,  
Of far-off brooks.  
Fond mem'ry's tender chords long play the soft refrain,  
And festive love its fragrant odor lends,  
To grace this charming view,  
That soon must bid adieu.  
For lo! yon fleecy isles in one long bank unite,  
A dusky screen,  
That draws o'er Nature's looks,  
A mournful mien.

L. W. HECKMAN, Normal, '08.

## Valedictory.

*Rt. Rev. Bishop, Rev. Fathers, Fellow-students and Friends:*

The day toward which we have looked forward these many years with anxious expectation has at last arrived, the Graduation Day for the Class '08. It is a day that is to terminate the first little span of our lives, the pleasant years of student-life. It is with mingled feeling that we celebrate this event. As a day of graduation and one on which we are to receive the laurels which our Alma Mater gladly extends to us, it is indeed an occasion of joy; but as a day of departure from her loving care and of separation from close acquaintances and time-honored associations, it affects us most keenly.

St. Joseph's has indeed been to us an Alma Mater. Our most precious years have been spent under her guardianship, and we have ever found in her a true mother and a happy home. To her we owe the development of our mental and moral powers; through her influence our characters have been formed and strengthened. We have spent these several years in an atmosphere of virtue, knowledge and culture; how great the importance and influence of these, time only can show. We have learned to cherish that which is just and good, and to esteem virtue above all else. For these priceless gifts we owe to our beloved professors a boundless debt of gratitude. To their untiring efforts it is due that such joy and happiness is afforded to us, the members of the Graduating Class, as also to our dear parents, relatives and friends. They have led us forward in the path of virtue and knowledge, and have prepared us well for the mission that is to be ours.

Even though our actual knowledge be insignificant, through their efforts we have acquired two things which shall ever direct us safely through life and fill us with grateful sentiments for our Alma Mater: We have learned to love knowledge and high ideals.

During the years spent at College, we have made acquaintance with the noblest and highest that the world has thought and said; our minds have been broadened; we have learned to trace knowledge to its sources, to which we may go for more copious draughts in after life. Under their careful training we have been taught to think rightly and judge correctly, in a word, we have been introduced to the world of the mind, a world whose beauty and variety is even as wonderful and grand as that of the physical universe surrounding us.

St. Joseph's has inspired us with the love of ideals. High ideals are the beacon-lights of life. They ennoble a man, protect him against the snares and temptations that threaten to lead him astray, and ultimately crown him with the glories of success. The man impelled by lofty ideals is the man who wins the fight. He who has ideals as the foundation of his character cannot entertain base motives or employ sordid means for the furtherance of his designs, because he values his personal honor too highly. Our Alma Mater has during the years spent under her guiding hand, engraven on our hearts high ideals of truthfulness, obedience and virtue, and it is these acquisitions which we value as our most precious treasure.

And now, loving Fathers and Professors, we wish to extend to you our first farewell. We keenly feel our inability to express our gratitude for all the benefits you have conferred upon us, but may our actions in the future show what sentiments animate us on this our Graduation Day.

From you also, dear fellow-students, we must part. The several years which we have spent together have been fraught with pleasures, and the thought of them will often be a source of joy for us in the future. May our friendship and mutual love never grow cold. To one and all, farewell.



Fellow-classmates:— This day beholds us for the last time united. A closer bond of union has existed among us, so let it not be broken by the years of separation that are to come. May we ever be one in heart and mind; one in upholding the honor of our Alma Mater, one in fidelity to our religion and the motto we have chosen "CEDE DEO." To you my best wishes for success in your walk of life; to all, a last farewell.

BERNARD J. CONDON, '08.



## I Am Dreaming.

(A Rondeau.)

I am dreaming now in dreamland,  
And just beyond the pearly strand,  
Where the fairies dance at midnight,  
On the crystal wave-washed sand,  
With the ripples gleaming light,  
To the notes of an unseen band.

I see their shining heads bedight  
In colors pink and gold and white;  
But I am dreaming.

A nightingale is singing bright,  
'Tis just above me where I stand;  
Did ever myth have such delight  
By Copas, or Parnasus' height,  
Or in the charming South Sea land,  
Where I am dreaming?

CHARLES LEARY, '10.

## “The Music of the Skies.”

I love Nature! I love the music of the skies—the stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels, in delicate harmony with the pale moon shedding floods of silvery light. I love the gentle evening breezes, seeming as they bear their sweet perfumes to me, to bring upon their wings a burden of joy—telling me of pleasures gone by, of hopes realized, of things that I may attain in this beautiful world; telling me—Oh! it whispers it ever so quietly—of Heaven and what its beauty must be, if Nature, if this world of matter, can so captivate us.

Whenever I stand alone beneath the deep, blue, dome—but let it be on a Summer's eve with the innocence of life all around me—I always seem to be reminded by the light breezes playing upon my brow to reverently bare my head to the invisible Being. Why such a feeling comes to me, I do not know. Perhaps it is because the picture of a spotless soul is suggested by this nature world which almost lives in me—which I can feel throbbing and pulsating through all my veins. Glorious as it is, there is nothing that so reminds one of lofty things as this silent communion with night. There is nothing that is so communicative or that at times seems to almost carry one upward to the skies. Often the opening lines of *Thanatopsis*, the words of the immortal Bryant, come to my mind. Although written of nature itself in the abstract, yet at night they bring to mind thoughtful reminiscences of the past.

From her queenly dais of blue, Night, the stars, everything in the Heavens, seems to tell one of true honor in a “various language,” in a language ever changing, which none but she can speak and which no one understands alike; she sings to one of love—of love so pure that the most spotless chastity is the only worthy recipient here upon earth; she speaks in a voice of truth and yet withal in a world of

quiet;—yes, “for his gayer hours she has a voice of gladness and an eloquence of beauty.” And again such “a mild and healing sympathy” as she has for afflicted man! Oft have I been told by men how they have stood, as I too have stood, in silent speech with night, and in their sorrow have been comforted; how they too have wandered as to the why and the wherefore of this seeming miracle and how they too have never been able to explain away its beauty.

Paths in life have been chosen and the destiny of nations has been turned by man's communion with night. Some people—do they know?—call night gloomy and dark and fit for crimes and evildoing, but is it that to us? Was it that to one of our greatest minds, to perhaps the greatest genius the world has ever known? For what reason did the great Napoleon, after taking his customary three or four hours rest, spend the rest of the night seated upon his horse, or perhaps standing in the shadow of some old battlement, gazing into the illimitable regions above him? Was it not because he loved the night and the stars; was it not because under this vast canopy he could best draw the strokes of his mighty genius and work them out for the morrow's battle?

Men repeat the words of Shakespeare: “The man who has no music in himself nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils.” Let us hope that Shakespeare wished to include the music of nature, that truly moves us ‘by her concord of sweet sounds’, in his harmonical category. For there is no artificial music equal to the music of the skies—the music of nature's own making.

But let us turn to day. We have told of the beauties of the sky when ruled by the queenly moon; we have told of the stars; we have told of the breezes, and we have told of honor and truth and love. Now let us turn to day, and look upon a beauty, than which in itself there is none more beautiful, and which every man appreciates. It is the most beautiful gift of the rain-god when he has put on his summer garment; it is a half-crown given by the All-bountiful to the earth after it has been washed and purified by the sweet,



pure laver of Heaven, taking away the last glimpse of sinful heat which glittering Phœbus has left. It is a thing that gives us gladness and joy, uplifting our souls in a transport of admiration and filling us with something so calm and undefinable—a love for nature and all her unrevealed beauties. Such is the Rainbow.

An hour before the sky has been raging and overcast and has spoken in a thundering voice at the parched earth; an hour before the winds of Heaven have fought and grappled with each other, creating havoc here below. The lazy bees sought their welcome hives in a line without a curve; the birds fluttering helplessly around, buffeted here and buffeted there, tried in vain to find a place in which they might be secure from the fury of the elements. Even the old plow-horse found his way to the lonely barn and impatiently kicked upon the closed doors. Then suddenly, and yet not unexpectedly, as if repentant earth had come back to its even tenor with the upper world, a soft and gentle and refreshing rain begins to fall. It falls filling all the air with a May-day fragrance—a fragrance that suggests the odor of the sweetest violets, the bluest lilacs, the whitest blossoms of the peach and apple all united in one, and added to these, that one sweetest odor of a damp summer eve; a fragrance that fills us with an ethereal longing and seems to transport the soul to upper regions with wings of joy. What would I not give to be able to set forth these beauties in sweet, inspiring verse, bringing it to a climax with the cessation of the shower and that last, long reverberation from the highest Heavens and the flash of light which dazzles the wide open eyes. The black and lowering cloud on the wings of the May-day breeze bears its sweet incense eastward, where people of whom we perhaps have heard will be terrified and in turn will be joyful. The sun, having lost the heat and brazenry of the noon time seems, only so high that you could almost touch the wheels of the “fiery chariot” if you were but a few leagues westward; its rays coax life twice and three times out of the weeping leaves and sorrowing vines. Everything seems to be waiting for another nature marvel. And now its

colors and tints all prepared, its canvas of dark blue rendered perfect, the sun prepares to work his masterpiece. Far across the sky he reaches with his scintillating rays, and with bold strokes of his golden pen he lays a picture before our eyes! Slowly the form appears, reflected in its many colors—blue, gold, violet and tints and colors so numerous as to defy the eye, but—they are all there, “all the colors of the rainbow.” Such a sight as it is! It gives joy to all living creation.

The little child, as if communicated with by Nature, leaves the supper table, her food untasted, and is instinctively drawn to the window of the rustic vine-covered cottage. “Mamma, Mamma, look! The rainbow!” No wonder she is excited, for she sees it for the first time, and yet she knows the name. But why does all the family, father, mother, brother, hurry to the door to feast upon this beautiful sight? It is because they see a sight which even to the rustic inhabitant of the fields never grows old—a sight which he always hails with joy and to which he sings silently in the poetic song of his heart. There they stand watching it while it grows, and watching it while it disappears. Quietly they whisper to each other, afraid to break the almost holy silence which surrounds them. The birds sing a soft and sweet song to the accompaniment of the silent, waving trees; the pigeons coo with a sympathetic murmur from the dove-cotes on the roof of the barn: the bees forget to gather the honey, which now must be infinitely sweet, from the petals of the rejoicing flowers; the frolicsome colt forgets to neigh and rubs his nose in the soft damp grass and is silent. Oh! Tell me not that nature does not always render music to all her works! For there is the magnificent half circle slowly disappearing in the darkness while the grand old sun is slowly sinking to rest. And the song of the birds grows less and less, till it is swallowed up in the glimmer of twilight and gives place to the solemn hoot of the owl, knowing, methinks, of the rainbow and telling his unsophisticated ærial fellows of its causes and changes. Night has come.

CHARLES PFEFFER, '09.

## Commencement.

THE wanton willfulness of youth,  
O let them share it while they may,  
For time is but the proof of truth,  
Experience but proves its way.

O who can call that fleeting joy,  
That fiery vehemence of heart,  
The soul's sweet peace, without alloy,  
Back to the breath from which they start.

The visionary temple's shrine,  
Shall rise to show the path of fame,  
Where glows the glorious cup sublime,  
The hallowed sweetness of a name.

But still from out our midst they go,  
Each year some leave these friendly bowers,  
While morning, as her breezes blow,  
Strews round their way sweet-scented flowers.

And gaily down the stream afloat,  
They pluck the lilies of the bay,  
And water leaves, to deck their boat,  
That in the crystal waters lay.

O sister Fates, cut not too soon  
Their destined chords; and may they glide,  
And find, as sea birds, when 'tis noon,  
A calm upon Pacific's Side.

CHAS. LEARY, '10.





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## Editorials.

ANOTHER year has gone down in the history of our Alma Mater, leaving the memory of much good which has been accomplished. It is always pleasant to look back over a well-spent past, and to call to mind obstacles overcome and victories gained, and when this can be said of our intellectual life we have the additional satisfaction of knowing that we have progressed, at least in some degree, on the path of knowledge. The scholastic year which has just come to a close should give to every earnest student the sweet consolation of this satisfaction. The fruits of his labor may not be visible at present, but the good seed has been sown that will soon take deep root and bring forth abundant fruit.

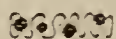
BY THE LAW of natural dependency, God should be the governing principle in all our actions and the ultimate end to which all things should be directed. The principles which the world inculcates, however, seem to flatly contradict this, for in very few respects, nay, not even in the most sacred and solemn obligations, do we find due honor and reverence paid to Him who should be the first and last end of all our actions. We, as members of the great human family, have not been placed upon this earth to do as we please. We form but a very small part of one grand whole, and to infuse harmony into that whole each one must be willing to perform his share gladly and with upright intentions. We cannot, at all times, follow our own bent of mind. The man who expects to do this will find the duties imposed upon him an unbearable burden and his life a dismal failure, for it is only by sacrificing our own personal pleasure, and by subduing ourselves to higher-constituted powers, that the spirit of harmony and good will can be made to dwell amongst us.

The two small words, '*Cede Deo*', which the Class of '08 has chosen as their motto, well express the principle that should regulate man's conduct towards himself and his Creator. If men would be more ready to acknowledge God's supreme power and dominion, if, after putting aside that modern spirit of so-called higher criticism and censoriousness, they would willingly yield to His divinely constituted authority here on earth, they would not only come to a better knowledge of the truth, but would also find that there is much more sweetness in life than they ever imagined. Our religion teaches us that God should be the first beginning and last end of all our endeavors, and experience teaches us that such endeavors are invariably crowned with success. But the majority believe and act otherwise, and this has brought about the great evil of our day,—that widespread contempt of God and things supernatural. Life can only be made a success by living according to higher principles and for a higher aim, and the only way to the attainment of this happiness is a spirit of greater reverence for God and the supernatural.



PRES. WILSON of Princeton University gives expression to the following pointed remarks in his Baccalaureate Address: "It is a strange and interesting thing that in this very age in which we have become so intensely practical, we have grown also exceedingly sentimental. There is no more subtle dissolvent of morals than sentimentality, and there is no more hopeless method of seeking to moralize an age than beginning at the edges. Go straight to the point. Put every individual, great and small, upon a stern probation. Let him not escape your judgment because he is unfortunate and well-meaning. Be sure that you allow the individual his real liberty to live truly and serve loyally. Do not impose your private judgment upon him, but within the limits of Christian justice, judge inflexibly. Let standards be standards, not sliding scales that follow your sympathies. Judge men according to their essential character, but demand that they have some essential character to be judged."

These words emphasize the great need of sound moral judgment in the man who wishes to make his mark in life. The ability to judge decisively and correctly is worth more than any amount of book-knowledge. It is not with books that the battle of life is fought, but with men; men as diversified in character as they are in opinions and actions. Therefore as much care and time should be devoted in cultivating a student's judgment and sense of appreciation as in mastering the fundamentals of his English or Latin Grammar, for a sound judgment is able to make ample satisfaction for many defects which deficiency of knowledge may occasion.



ACCORDING to present indications, there will be seven cardinals and a whole legion of bishops from all over the world attending the Eucharistic Congress that will meet in London next September. It will be the most important gathering of ecclesiastics ever held outside Rome among English-speaking people. Among those who will be conspicuous there will be His Eminence Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, Australia, who is now preparing for his long journey from the great island, the commonwealth of the Pacific.



A historian and prolific writer himself, Cardinal Moran has since the inception of the project, been a helpful friend to the progress of The Catholic Encyclopedia. The latest evidence of his practical interest in its success is the following letter:—

April 12th, 1908.

CONDE B. PALLÉN, LL. D.

Managing Editor Catholic Encyclopedia.

DEAR SIR:

I enclose memorial notice of Cardinal Cullen. It exceeds the limits which you assigned, but I don't think that justice could be done in less. I do not intend to accept any honorarium, though as a matter of form I have signed the printed paper which you request your contributors to sign.

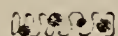
If a reduction in price of Encyclopedia is made for your contributors I will avail myself of that reduction. I will take BEST BOUND COPY, and will send you full payment for the whole by Bank Draft when you let me know the amount required. Please forward the published volumes. As I am so old I hesitated about contributing or subscribing, but as I see you are just now attacked under pretence of favoring Modernism, I deem it right to give you any aid that I can.

Believe me to remain,

Yours faithfully,

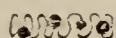
† PATRIARCH CARDINAL MORAN,

Archbp. of Sydney.



ONE of the subjects most widely discussed at the present time is Optimism. Much of what is said about it may be commonplace and foolish talk, but it remains true that the movement indicated by this word is a healthy one. It is plain that if people live and work in this spirit, much more will be accomplished and they will be far happier than if discontent and hopelessness possesses them. Of course, one who believes in Divine Providence, both for the world and himself, cannot but be optimistic, even in the midst of trials and sufferings. But not all men are imbued with this deep sense of God's government of the world, and but a short time ago these were the ruling spirits in the world of letters, art, and

everyday-life. Men were so overcome by the consciousness of the ills and sufferings of their fellow-men, and the manifold imperfection of all things earthly, that a feeling of sadness crept over them, which amounted almost to despair. This condition of mind or soul was termed "Weltschmerz," to denote the grief which the individual feels for the world's ills. It was a condition akin to that of the sick man or of him who has met with a bereavement or a severe disappointment. Both of these brood over their troubles, and by so doing magnify them, until the world seems dark to them and their lot a miserable one. It was because of this spirit that Socialism was able to obtain a hearing at all. Such a condition of mind shows a lack of faith, and if this spirit is passing away, as it surely is, may we not also hope for an increase in faith? Tennyson, after years of anguish and doubt, can only say: "Oh! yet we trust that somehow good will be the final goal of ill." But Browning expresses himself more firmly when he exclaims: "God's in His Heaven, and all's right with the world," and in this he expressed the belief of the people. Surely a vague faith, but better than none, and perhaps the prelude to better things. The religion of the rationalist and infidel, if such it may be called, is pessimistic, but not so that of the Christian.



THE PRESENT number of the Collegian appears at a rather late date owing to rush of work in our printing office. As most of the boys have already enjoyed the best of their vacation, their thoughts naturally recur to their Alma Mater; so we fondly trust that this Commencement Number, coming to them during their vacation hours, will meet their expectations and afford them some wholesome diversion. Best wishes to all for a happy vacation and 'a good old Summer-time.'

## Exchanges.

IN making our exit from the little world of Ex-dom, we wish to say that we feel we have had a pleasant and profitable time with our literary friends. We have found nearly all of them to be fine fellows, bright and entertaining, and the young ladies no less so. It has been a jovial and companionable set, and except for one or two instances, nothing has occurred to mar the harmony and good spirit.

What about the literary standard maintained by the Exchanges during the year? We think it has been rather high, very high in some instances. Not all have been able to publish essays and bits of fiction of more than ordinary merit and interest, but all have given evidences that they know what constitutes a good piece of composition and entertaining reading. Time was, when in the opinion of many of the Exchanges, the worth of an essay depended upon the weightiness of the matter,—the heavier, the better. Originality, literary form, and an easy and idiomatic style were secondary considerations. Happily, better conditions are prevailing now, much to the credit of the contributors to the College Journals and to the professors of English in the various institutions. We will meet with an occasional essay that seems to have been taken bodily out of a work of reference, but on the whole the contributions reflect the thoughts of their authors, at least more so than formerly. It is now recognized that it is much more creditable to give evidence of literary ability than of philosophical acumen and profound erudition. Let each one think clearly on his subject, and express himself gracefully, and, if need be, vigorously. If the two may be separated, even in thought, we would say that in a College Journal form is more important than matter,—for a college is not a school of philosophy or scientific research, but a school of letters and general culture. Let the



contributors to College Journals come down to their real level, if they wish to attain their object, which is, the acquisition of an easy, graceful and idiomatic literary style. To all our best wishes for a delightful vacation.

The Exchange department of the **S. V. C. Student** for April is especially worthy of mention. Among the many good qualities of this paper the exchanges assume a preeminent place. The essay, as it might well be called, on what criticism should be and what it is not, is certainly well and truly written. If all exchange editors would take a lesson from this, there would be less "squibbing" and "roasting," which things are far from the purpose of criticism.

The individual criticisms of this ex-man show a careful study of the matter criticised, and are given in such a way that they cannot help being kindly and generously taken by those criticised.

The remarks of the ex-man of the **St. Jerome's Schoolman** make one smile. Does the gentleman not know any better, or was he bent upon adverse criticism? We leave it to others to say whether the contributions to our last issue were of sufficient depth or not; but we wish to affirm that any one who cannot see literary merit in such compositions as "Tiddly-Winks," and would consign it to the waste basket, is unfit for the position of exchange-editor on a college journal. *Sapienti sat.*

The last number of the **Patrician** which reached us is the April number. As a college magazine it is entirely too heavy and uninteresting. The essays and sketches are well written, but what we always look for in a magazine such as we criticise, is a short story or a few lines of well written poetry. We are never inclined to read a poem that has been taken from another paper, just to fill out or relieve the monotony.

We looked in vain for the April number of the **Fleur De Lis**. Did it loose its way?

The **Nazarene**, while it partakes almost entirely of a local flavor, is nevertheless gotten up in a very attractive manner. We always find it interesting.

"Religion and Poetry" and "Pius IX." in the **Abbey Student** are two essays deserving of high commendation. The subject of each one is very well handled, and the salient points are brought out in a befitting manner. The editorials, all on interesting subjects, are also very well written.

By far the most interesting article in the **Pittsburg College Bulletin** for June is the story "Betty," which has the ring of truth in our ears. Written in a simple and unimpassioned style, the sufferings of "Betty" and the ingratitude of her daughter are brought vividly to our mind. We cannot help thinking and know it to be true that instances like this are many even in true life.

We also have received the following since our last issue: **The Collegian**, **St. Vincent College Journal**, **Blue and White**, **Fordham Monthly**, **Institute Echoes**, **Niagara Index**, **Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian**, **Purple and White**, **St. Ignatius Collegian**, **Dé Paul Review**, **St. Mary's Chimes**, **The Dial** and **The Morning Star**.



## Commencement.

ST. Joseph's celebrated its Thirteenth Annual Commencement on June 16 and 17. The weather conditions were ideal, and a large crowd of visitors, both clergy and lay, honored the faculty and the Graduating Class with their presence.

The celebration opened with the arrival of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, Herman J. Alerding, D. D., Monday evening. Tuesday morning Low Mass was read by the Rt. Rev. Bishop assisted by Rev. Simon Kuhnmuench. Bishop Alerding delivered an impressive sermon relative to the Holy Ghost and His mission. He brought out in a very interesting and forcible manner the evil effects of Modernism and showed how it has come to be the evil of the age. Above all he emphasized the fact that the Church of Christ alone can be our true guide here on earth, and that it is only through constant fidelity to her teachings that we can meet the dangers which threaten our faith.

The Holy Sacrament of Confirmation was then administered to the following students: Clarence Burkhart, Albert Zink, Amadeus Hess, Kilian Kleinhenz, Herman Hoenigman, Otto Mueller, Joseph Kenkel, Max Toner, Edwin Horn, Louis Horn, Edward Symanski. The Rt. Rev. Bishop was assisted by the Rev. Rector, Fr. Augustine Seifert, and Fr. Justin Henkel.

The distinctive feature of the day's entertainment was the base-ball game between the Alumni and the S. J. C. Representative Club. Under the captainship of Rev. Edward Mungovan, the Alumni played a spectacular game and afforded the large crowd of visitors an afternoon of rare enjoyment. Mungovan's rooting and base-running together with Connelly's sensational catches were decided features. The Alumni, however, came out the losers with a score of 9-5.



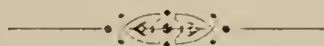
The program for the day was crowned by the rendition of the Commencement Play, Shakespeare's Henry IV. The College Auditorium was crowded to the very doors by the visitors who expected a rare treat. To say the least, they were not disappointed. The title-role was held by Mr. Albert Fate who gave a good interpretation of his character. Mr. Otto Muehlenbrink as Falstaff could not have been improved upon. To the audience Falstaff was the whole play. Mr. Muehlenbrink had all the roguishness and indifference of Falstaff, and in voice, bearing and facial expression, played his part to perfection. Mr. Roland Carmody as Host of the Boar's Head Tavern did by far the best of the minor characters. Joseph Vurpillat as Poins excelled in ease and joviality.

The Graduation Exercises were held Wednesday morning. A grand chorus by the Choir and Orchestra under the direction of Rev. John Toujas preceded the exercises. The class valedictorian, Mr. Bernard J. Condon, then opened the program, after which he introduced the Rev. Joseph F. Byrne of Indianapolis as the speaker of the Baccalaureate. Fr. Byrne's address was a masterly production both as to thought and composition. The sentiments which he expressed and the lofty ideals he proposed to the Graduating Class struck a responsive chord in everyone's heart.

Then followed the conferring of degrees and the awarding of class distinctions. The Classics, Bernard J. Condon, Evaristus J. Olberding, Ralph Donnelly, Joseph M. Boland, Franz Striegel, Albert Fate, graduated with honorary distinctions and received the Degree of A. B. Certificates of Graduation in the Normal and Commercial Course were conferred on Joseph Dahlinghaus, Louis Heckman, Florian Notheis, Albert Hoffman, Michael Coughlin, George Lang, Harvey Schmal, Raymond Stallkamp, Edmund McSweeney, and Alvin Bihl. Diplomas in Music were given to Henry Buescher, Leo Faurot, and Alvin Bihl. Gold Medals for the highest averages in their respective classes were then awarded to Bernard J. Condon, Joseph Dahlinghaus, George Lang, Vincent Williams, James McIntyre, Charles Condon.

The cash prizes donated by the Alumni Association for the three best Essays were awarded to Charles W. Pfeffer, Bernard J. Condon and Leo D. Faurot. Class awards were then distributed among the students making the best average in each individual branch. The morning's exercises closed with a short address by the Rt. Rev. Bishop and the imparting of his benediction.

During the morning the Alumni Association held a spirited meeting of two sessions, a brief account of which appears in this number of the Collegian. This ended the Thirteenth Annual Commencement at St. Joseph's, a day which will long be remembered by the Graduating Class of '08 and the many visitors who celebrated the occasion with them.



### Alumni Notes.

THE Alumni Association has during the last few years certainly made wonderful strides in progress and enthusiasm, if we may judge by the results of the last regular meeting held at St. Joseph's College, June 17 1908. The meeting was called to order in St. Xavier's Hall by the President, Rev. E. Mungovan at 7 o'clock A. M., and was well attended, fifty-five members answering to the roll-call.

The business session was opened by the admission of new members. The Secretary notified the assembly that there were fifty-seven applicants for membership, among them the classes of '07 and '08. All were admitted, making the total number of active members of the Association some over two-hundred.

Rev. Julius Seimetz, after having shown that the Alumni of St. Joseph's College have not done as much towards furthering the interests of their Alma Mater as other societies of its kind, and stating that its members ought to show their appreciation for the kind treatment and liberal hospitality received from the College at all times and especially as stu-



dents and later as visitors, suggested that the Association should this year bear the expenses of erecting a flagstaff on the College campus. All present were enthusiastic over the suggestion, and many rose to express their sentiments of concurrence. A motion to the effect was placed, with the addition that the members of the Association be taxed for the outlay pro rata, by the regular officers of the Association. It was carried unanimously.

Owing to some difference of opinion as to the number and kind of prizes, known as "The Alumni English Essay Prizes," to be awarded to students of St. Joseph's College by the Alumni Association, Rev. A. Weyman had this year offered three prizes in cash, and rose to give his reasons for doing so, stating at the same time that there ought to be more than one prize in order to urge a greater number of students to compete. He also stated that, if it is the wish of the assembly, he would like the first prize to be a medal and the second a set of books or something else of educational value. The debate became quite spirited between those who favored cash prizes and those who supported Rev. Julius Seimetz's proposition of awarding two medals valued at about \$15 and \$10 respectively. Rev. Thomas Conroy best voiced the sentiments of those who favored the medals in these words: "The cash is forgotten as soon as it is spent. We expect those to whom the prizes are awarded to continue their literary studies, and it is our wish that the medals be a constant reminder of this fact to the winners." Last year's medal was shown to the members, and by its beauty and practicability, clinched the arguments in favor of the medals. Rev. J. Seimetz's proposition, moved by Rev. Thomas Conroy, was carried by a large majority.

Resolutions of condolence were moved and ordered entered upon the minutes on account of the death of our former fellow-students and Alumni, Mr. Bernard Schmitz, Normal '05, and Mr. Jerome Grimmer, Commercial Department.

The Election of Officers for the ensuing term was taken up with the following results: Rev. A. Weyman was elected President; Mr. John Morris, First Vice-President; Mr. Henry



Froning, Second Vice-President; Rev. Thomas Conroy, Secretary; Rev. William Flaherty, Historian; Rev. James Connelly, Mr. John Boeke, Mr. Joseph Naughton, Board of Directors; Rev. A. Weyman, Rev. Thomas Travers and Mr. Henry Froning, Board of Essay Judges.

The most important of the new business before the house was the correction and adoption of the new Constitution, which had been submitted to the Officers of the Association some time previous. The incompleteness of the old constitution has long been felt as a drawback to the Association and the adoption of a new one is only another sign of the progress of the Society at the present time. Among the changes which the new Constitution introduces the following will be of interest to members. The meetings will in the future be held annually instead of biennially as heretofore, and always at St. Joseph's College, in connection with the Commencement Exercises. The Judges of the Essay Contest to determine the winners of the "Alumni Medal" are made regular elective officers of the Association. A regular annual fee of One Dollar will hereafter be a requirement for membership, and also special assessments may be levied in a regular meeting. This last feature called forth some opposition on the ground that if collections would be made at the regular meetings it would deter members from attending. The opposition, however, was removed by the adoption of the motion of Mr. Joseph Naughton that no contributions shall be solicited or collections made at any regular meeting, but that all fees, regular and extraordinary, shall be collected by the Secretary through letter. The new Constitution is now in the hands of the printer and will be mailed to members as soon as possible.

Upon motion of Mr. Joseph Naughton the meeting adjourned, and thus closed the most successful Alumni meeting in the history of its existence. We certainly look forward to our next meeting with anticipation of genuine pleasure, in the joy of meeting old friends and class-mates, in the satisfaction that we are all united in the sentiments of love and gratitude towards St. Joseph's.

## Athletics.

Our base-ball season closed on June 16 with an easy victory over the Old Boys of S. J. C. The VARSITY '08 has made a remarkable record. Of all games played, but two were lost, and none of our opponents proved themselves our superiors. It was a little of the traditional luck that kept us from having a clean slate. The lion's share of the credit for the splendid work of our team belongs, of course, to our battery, and particularly to Capt. Hasser, whose fame on the mound has become more than local. McGurren on Short did some clever fielding and good stick-work. Coughlin held down the Third-sack and handled the 'hot ones' in classic style, while 'Megaphone Hank' on First proved as inevitable as death. In the outfield, Pfeffer did the 'fly-eating act' with a never failing eye, and when our side came to bat, he did some first-class dust-raising in the running and sliding line.

Following are the games played since last issue of the Collegian.

Varsity 8.

W. LAFAYETTE HIGH SCHOOL 3.

Saturday May the 9, West Lafayette High School, reputed one of the strongest teams of its class in the state, payed us a visit. When all was over, the balance-sheet showed 3 circuits for the visitors, while our men had rounded the bases 8 times. Hasser did the twirling for the Varsity, and sent fifteen men to the bench by the fanning-route. Two long hits of the visitors are responsible for their scores.

The day following this easy victory, Mgr. Quinlan worked his sub-battery, 'Buzz' Notheis and Carmody, against his friends of the South side. Both of the tyros showed up in fine form, and walked away with a well-earned victory. Score 4-1. Buzz puzzled eight of the St. Xaviers, while Koenn found only three who wanted to bite. On May 17, the same performance was repeated to the woeful tune of 17 - 1. Hits and walks were the staple goods for the Varsity.

Varsity 11.St. Ignatius College 5.

The most exciting game of the season was pulled off May 20, when St. Ignatius College of Chicago invaded our territory expecting an easy and complete victory. But they happened to be counting on the wrong thing, if they imagined the Varsity Captain, Hasser, intended to make any allowance for their hopes. At the opening of the game, things did look a bit dark for our braves. Coughlin was out of the game owing to a wrenched shoulder, and Boland was sent to watch the third station. But Hasser's steady bombardment and the redoubtable attacks of the paste-board band soon turned the tick.

Roberts pitched a fine game for the visitors, but our men had their batting-feathers on. McGurren opened with a single over Short, and with two men down, went to third on Pfeffer's sharp drive along the same direction. Then Capt. Hasser, who had decided to win his game at the very start, rapped the horse-hide so unmercifully that the center-fielder forgot to put his feet together, and the sphere rolled out to the Gymnasium steps. Hasser went over the plate, driving in two runs ahead of him. St. Ignatius was lost after that, and the Varsity were always in the lead.

The lineup:

Varsity.					St. Ignatius.				
	AB	R	H	E		AB	R	H	E
McGurren, ss....	4	2	3	0	Chougnail, cf.....	3	1	0	1
L. Nageleisen, c..	3	1	1	0	Mooney, 3b.....	4	1	0	0
Berghoff, 1b.....	4	0	1	0	Fox, lf.....	3	1	1	0
Pfeffer, lf.....	4	2	2	0	Heckinger, c... ..	4	1	1	0
Hasser, p.....	4	3	3	0	Crcake, 1b.....	3	0	0	0
J. Nageleisen, 2b	2	1	0	1	Hanks, rf .....	4	0	2	0
J. Vurpillat, cf..	1	1	0	0	Kevin, 2b.....	3	0	0	0
Carmody, rf.....	3	0	2	1	Herman, ss.....	4	1	0	1
J. Boland, 3b....	3	1	1	1	Roberts, p.....	3	0	2	0

Varsity 2.Wheatfield 4.

Next in order were our friendly rivals from Wheatfield. We expected to repeat our doings of a few weeks previous, but a series of costly errors lost a game that should have been ours. Anderson pitched a superb game for Wheatfield, and the fact that he kept the hits well scattered prevented our boys from getting the necessary runs. Hasser, as usual, was there with the goods, and with better support would easily have landed another victory. The games with the Wheatfield boys are of our cleanest and very best every year, and for the past two seasons the honors have been divided equally.



Varsity 5.

W. LAFAYETTE HIGH SCHOOL 0.

Decoration saw the Varsity at Lafayette, where they played their cleanest game of the season. Hasser and Nageleisen again disposed of fifteen men, and never did the High School Boys touch the third cushion. Gilt-edged ball was played by all of our men.

## Varsity 2.

## DE PAUL UNIVERSITY 3.

Our second defeat of the season was administered to us by our easy victims of the past two seasons, De Paul University of Chicago. It was again a series of miserable errors that robbed us of the game. Hasser played a stellar game, but did not have the men behind him. The Varsity Short-stop was not used to Chicago atmosphere, and soon contracted the fumbling fever. Sad to say, the contagion soon passed on to his next neighbor, J. Nageleisen. Their combined errors gave De Paul 3 runs in the third inning, which proved amply sufficient to rob us of the game. Our boys had several chances to make good, but they were not in it.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
VARSITY....	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0—	2	6	4
DE PAUL...	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0—	3	5	1

Batteries: Hasser and Nageleisen. Willhoit and Case.

ALUMNI 5.

VARSITY 9.

Several of the old boys got infected with the base-ball fever, and challenged the Varsity to an encounter on Commencement Day. Capt. Ed. Mungovan, '97, fixed up a strong lineup and gave our regulars a pretty good scare. L. Nageleisen was on the mound for the Varsity, while Hassler showed his skill behind the plate. The contest opened merrily. Mungovan '97 led the attack and rounded first base on a bounder to Short. Monahan '06 followed with a long double to center landing Eddie on Cushion No. 3. Eddie called for a rest, but B. Besinger '96 sent a swift one down to second which enticed Ed to dive for the plate. The slide for life was superb, but Eddie misjudged the position of the rubber and died in the dust. The Old Boys kept up the bombardment till three runs were hung up to their credit. Then the Varsity got busy, and served out goose-eggs till the sixth inning, when Wessel '01 and Sullivan '07 again completed the circuit.

After seven innings of the hard fought struggle showed a score of 9-5 against them, Capt. Mungovan voiced the unanimous opinion of all 'that two hours of base-ball can knock out ten years of stiffness' and called the game ended. The knot of royal rooters headed by 'Judge' Uphaus '99 and John Morris '98 helped to keep things lively. M. Shea

'06 and J. Sullivan '07, the star-battery of the Varsity '05-'06, made things look serious for our lads, but they soon found Shea's twisters. T. Kremer '01 relieved Shea in the fifth, and had the Varsity guessing at his underhand shots. Features were Mungovan's base-running and rooting, and Connelly's sensational catches at third.

The lineup:

## ALUMNI.

Mungovan, 2b.  
 Monahan, ss.  
 B. Besinger, 1b.  
 Connelly, 3b.  
 T. Kremer, rf. p.  
 Wessel, lf.  
 Steinbrunner, cf.  
 Sullivan, c.  
 M. Shea, p. rf.

## VARSITY.

McGurren, ss.  
 Nageleisen, c.  
 Pfeffer, lf.  
 Hasser, p.  
 Berghoff, 1b.  
 Boland, 2b.  
 Vurpillat, cf.  
 Carmody, rf.  
 Coughlin, 3b.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R.	H.	E.
ALUMNI....	3	0	0	0	0	2	0	—5	7	3
VARSITY....	0	1	3	0	2	0	3	—9	10	1

## THE LEAGUE.

While the Varsity was busying itself taking scalps from their rivals of former years, our League, under the management of J. Bennet, kept things lively at home. For some time the four teams kept well abreast, and any of them seemed a possible winner. But as the season progressed M. Gruen and his Shamrocks began to lag behind and would not pull. The Maroons, after a desperate struggle to stay in the first division, 'marooned' to the third rung of the pennant ladder, which they held tight to the close. The Royals and Vigilants had it all to themselves for the last few games, and at the end of the season both teams stood tie for first place and pennant-honors.

On June 15 they met to decide the question, and the Royals came out the winners by a score of 17-14. It was the captaining of McFall and the splendid work of Stallkamp behind the bat, together with his happy faculty of making hits and runs at the right time, that landed the Royals in first place.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
ROYALS.....	0	0	0	0	4	7	0	4	2	—17	12	7
VIGILANTS.....	3	0	3	0	1	0	0	2	3	—12	6	9

Batteries: Seifert and Stallkamp, Hoffman and Scholl.

Too much praise cannot be given Mr. John Bennet for his judicious management of the League and the good spirit he developed among the several teams. He well deserves the position for another season, and under his management the League may hope to attain still greater success.

The Minims have also kept apace with the growing base-ball spirit. They met their rivals from the South-side, the ORIOLES, in several games and generally came out the winners. On June 16 they played a well-contested game, and only after ten innings of hard playing did the youngsters from the North-side succeed in downing their plucky opponents.

We hope that next year will show the same amount of activity in the sports, and that still greater success will crown the efforts of Rev. Theodore Saurer and his corp of Athletic Managers.



## In the Library.

**Dear Friends.** By D. Ella Nirdlinger. Benziger Bros. Price, 60 cts.

Fidelity to nature is a rare quality, but one that this book possesses. Each one of its characters, though very individual, remains true to his own personality. We are pleased throughout, from the prattling of the innocent Althea, to the cool-headed Dr. Alvoyd, administering kindly to the wants of his beloved family. The beautiful and stirring, though at times pathetic incidents occurring in the novel, are well set forth in a pleasing and entertaining style. The tendency of the story is healthful, stimulating, and exalted, bringing out in bold characters the charm of the term "dear friend," and the perfect peace and harmony which should be ever present among the different members of a true Christian family.

L. S.

**Althea.** By D. Ella Nirdlinger. Benz. Bros. 60 cts.

This book will seem interesting even to that superficial observer who glances through a book to see if it is attractive enough to claim his attention. While we will find it very attractive, it is primarily a child's



book. The story tells of the childhood days of four children and gives all their joys and sorrows, their travels and experiences. Throughout the book a lesson of love for home is unknowingly inculcated.

**The Test of Courage.** By H. M. Ross. Benz. Bros.  
Price \$1.25.

This is the first book from the pen of Mr. Ross that we have had the pleasure of perusing, but we can say with all sincerity that we hope it will not be the last. In "The Test of Courage" we have a novel which will prove interesting to all, whether children or grown men and women. Although some of the situations are a little crude and show too much the art of a book-carpenter, yet these minor defects do not greatly detract from the general excellence of the book. C. W. P.

**Sheer Pluck and Other Stories of the Bright Ages.**  
By Rev. David Bearne, S. J. Benziger Bros. Price \$0.85

This is the second volume of a series of books dealing with stories of the Bright Ages, "Melior of the Silver Hand" being the first. The stories in these books, as the introduction states, are such as fond mothers tell their boys and girls, but they will also interest older people. Although they are mostly legends handed down to us from centuries ago, they, especially to children, partake of the character of the most interesting romance. Added to this charm is the glamor of truth which makes the book doubly interesting. C. P.

**The Marks of the Bear Claws.** By Henry S. Spaulding, S. J. Benziger Bros. Price \$0.85.

The name of this author alone is enough to give the book a ready sale among our Catholic boys. In this book, as in "The Cave by the Beech Fork," we find an endless succession of interesting and "hair-stand-on-end" events. It is a story dealing with the Indians and tells of the travels of Marquette on his journey to find the great "Father of Waters." This book will certainly not fail to be of interest to any reader. C. W. P.

## Examination Paper.

(Final English.)

As a special mark of distinction, the following paper is here submitted. It appears as written without the change of a word.

1) Describe the popular author.

*Ans.:* The popular author is he who makes an appeal to the common people. In sentiment and thought he must be one of their class; one who knows their wants and experiences their emotions. In marked contrast to the intellectual or literary author, the popular author must write to please. As such his subjects must be within range of the common mind; his style must be entertaining, simple and direct; his choice of words determined by the standards of concreteness, familiarity and melody. As such, the popular style is not characterized by deep thought, exquisite imagery or fine diction; but has its first charm in directness and its ability to please.

2) What are the chief aims of literary study?

*Ans.:* The chief aim of literary study is to acquaint us with the beauties of Literature. But aside from this, it has a most beneficial influence on us. Literary studies broaden our minds by introducing us into a larger world, give us a saner view of life, acquaint us with all that is high and noble in art and life, reveal to us the hidden beauties of character and induce us to strive for the same qualities, cultivate our moral, emotional and æsthetic sense. Our minds and intellectual faculties are stimulated, higher ideals formed and realized, our sense of appreciation sharpened and refined, and our powers of expression enlarged. If Literature is a picture of life, then the study of Literature must be a study of life, and that also in its simplest as well as its most complex stages.

3) What do you find in Newman, and what do you miss in him?

*Ans.:* Newman is, above all else, a great stylist and a consummate artist. He fulfills his own definition of a great author very aptly. His thoughts are sincere, earnest and vigorous, and his expression in strict accordance with his theme and thought. Although his style is predominantly intellectual, it is, nevertheless, winning; and this because Newman was a great artist. True, we do not find in him the spontaneity and naturalness of the popular author, nor the imagery of De Quincey. His mind was too intensely intellectual to admit of such a style. Still Newman will ever remain a great stylist because of his artistic qualities, — his clearness, correctness and vividness of expression, and his general application of the principles of good writing.

4) Make some observations on the Essay, (or on the Short Story), as a form of composition.

*Ans.:* An essay is a smaller form of composition dealing with one theme or one particular phase of a thing. The essay demands the literary style predominantly. A good essay must possess unity, coherence, proportion and directness as to form; and interest as to subject and matter of treatment. The theme should always be limited, so that it may be treated exhaustively, and whatever has no direct bearing on this main theme should be brushed aside.

On account of the many limitations it places upon the author, the essay may be justly considered one of the most difficult forms of prose composition.

5) Draw a parallel between De Quincey and Poe.

*Ans.:* De Quincey and Poe were both literary artists of the first rank, and a parallel between them would be one of agreement rather than of contrast. Both laid too much stress on the outward expression of the thought; both had exalted ideas of melody, rhythm and beauty; and both tried to use words like the skilled musician does his instrument. Although Poe is always abstract and mysterious and sadly deficient in moral sense, his art is, nevertheless, judged by many to be superior to that of De Quincey. The genius of



both was eccentric and universal; their life full of misery and woe. They are at once the most versatile and illustrious geniuses in English and American Literature.

6) Why is Shakespeare assigned the first place among authors?

*Ans.:* Literature is life, and that Literature is the best which reflects the most of life. Considered in this light, Shakespeare stands without an equal. His magic world of characters, so true, so real, so perfect in every detail, could be created by a genius alone. There is none like to it from Homer to Tennyson. He has given us a more faithful reproduction of life than any author; his art is greater and more complex. His faults are few; they are of excess rather than defect. His strong personality and originality as to conception and combination, his myriad-mindedness, his lyric and dramatic abilities, and the nobility of his thoughts and words,—all tend to vindicate his right to the first place in English Literature.

7) Compare Tennyson with Browning and vindicate the superiority as a poet of the former.

*Ans.:* Browning stands in direct contrast to Tennyson in nearly all respects. Browning is the poet of the intellectual, mysterious and supernatural; Tennyson the poet of the romantic, lyric and emotional. Browning is always obscure and renders imperative the use of a teacher; Tennyson is generally simple and direct, he is his own interpreter. The melody and art of Browning's verse is very involved; that of Tennyson at once perceptible and winning. Judged according to the standard of beauty and artistic excellence, Tennyson is far the superior. The latter wrote to be understood and enjoyed; the former to be misunderstood and studied. The one has an intelligible message to communicate, the other a blank or at most a very mysterious one.

8) Point out the difference between prose and poetry; and why is the latter considered a higher species of composition?

*Ans.:* A composition is prose only because of its form; poetry, however, implies noble poetic thoughts and rhythmic expression of them. Poetry is a higher species of composi-

tion because its principles are more exacting and definite, and its form more difficult. It demands sublimer thoughts, greater power over language, a richer imagination, and a more cultivated sense of the beautiful than prose composition. The poet must, moreover, be suggestive, melodious, and to the manner born, for as the Latins say "Poeta nascitur, non fit."

- 9) Explain the Romantic Movement as to form and spirit. How does it differ from the Classical and the Realistic? Mention some names prominent in it.

*Ans.:* The Romantic Movement endeavored to bring about a closer union between nature and art. It found its inspiration in the chivalry, feudalism and naturalness of the Middle Ages. The movement did much to free literature, especially poetry, from the artificiality of Pope and the Classical school who made the classics the basis of all Literature and insisted on rigid observance of the classic principles, i. e. unities in the drama, few characters, excessive attention to the form.

The Romantic Movement spread over all Europe about the close of the 18th century. The main exponents in English Literature are Goldsmith, Burns, Scott, Cowper, and in many respects Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, and the Lake poets.

Realism lays too great a stress on life as it actually is. It is the reaction resulting from Romanticism, which is ideal. Prominent realists are D. Howells, Ibsen, Zola, Turgenieff and Tolstoi.

- 10) Mention some traits of Modern Literature.

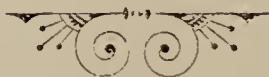
*Ans.:* Modern Literature betrays an abnormal taste and demand for the sensational. This is especially evident from the many novels issuing from the press. The spirit of inquiry and criticism, and the realistic tendency has made a deep impression upon the literary public. Infidelity, atheism and covert attacks against truth and the Church also predominate in present-day Letters. Literature has ceased to be a vocation, and the dignity of author is now the common property of every individual who is able to write. This

has introduced commercialism into Literature; a factor which has wrought untold harm. The passion for excitement and interest has forced truth and reality to the background.

- 11) Write a short essay on the two constituent elements of the English language—mainly from a literary standpoint.

*Ans.:* The English Language is composed of two constituent elements,—the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin. The Anglo-Saxon forms the foundation of the language, and was for some time retained in its primitive purity. But owing to the Norman Conquest and the subsequent frequent intercourse with the continent, many Latin words crept into the language through the Norman French. These gradually forced their Anglo-Saxon equivalents out of use and soon caused them to be forgotten, much, indeed, to the detriment of the language. Yet as the Saxon words were mostly monosyllables, this acceptance of longer words gave the language greater melody, smoothness and flexibility. The characteristic of Saxon words is their concreteness, simplicity and vividness; hence we generally find that authors who excel in these respects use a great majority of Anglo-Saxon words. They possess force and power, and as such are the ready tools of the orator. Words of Latin derivation, on the contrary, are generally more melodious, hence they are used to a great extent in poetry. But, of course, no definite rule could be stated regarding this. As to their use, the best style is a judicious mixture of both, the predominance being left to the Anglo-Saxon words.

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